



'BEYOND THE STEP' by Rose Perry, written during Bala Brook Spring Retreat
Glimmers from a morning walk meditation

The morning settles its dewy grip on my soles,

Placed in between plantain tufts and go-slow slugs.

Curiously they climb, gather and fall to their purpose.

Tracing through the air a breeze lingers, dusts my ear and glides on.

It dances with the top-heavy grasses, fastened by whispers of sweet hay-scented stems.

Dan-de-lions budded, shaded, yet full of bright life and a cycle that holds deep memory of
all its familiar forms.

And that song. Chords falling from above and all around are welcomed, enticed, absorbed.

And it melts into the underbelly of water on easing rock, soothing carrying an ancient song.

And it settles, it all falls, is gathered up and beyond.

Shadows parade over draped canopy, wind sifting, swaying but secure.

Held by deep reaching roots not seen but understood.

Listening warm souls comfort and inspire a new wave of energy; a new voice to unfold.



'STAY A WHILE' by Rose Perry, written during Bala Brook autumn retreat

When the mind dives deep into shimmering unrest,
Send a loving smile down there and whisper,
Stay a while.

When the noise of the past knocks at your bolted door,
Invite the melody to
Stay a while.

When the future dances before your eyes,
Release your worried stare and blink,
Stay a while.

When the deep inner voice wavers in distrust, sing
Stay a while.

When the heart bleeds in longing,
Put a warm hand to your chest,
Let go ... and
Stay a while

Stay a while and let me see you.
Don't run in fear
But unveil your shame for I welcome you to my house.
Come and sit at my table of nourishment, love, grace, trust and acceptance.
Take what you need, there is an endless supply.

And when you leave,
Hang your veil by the door and remember,
You are always welcome here when you need to be heard,
And feast with me in loving abundance.